THE TALE OF THE LITTLE DANCING SLIPPER MAKER AND HIS WIFE

They have gone away now, those foolish people, the shopkeeper who made the dancing slipper, and his wife. I was not going to let them know. They never said good-bye, but one morning I looked out of my kitchen window and they were gone. The street was clean and empty, the windows starting up in the wind.

They lived there a year across from me, the shopkeeper and his wife, and then they too went away without telling me good-by!

They had comforted me, too. Whenever I worried of the wrangling of the court of a hundred windows, giving up my tenant, I went into my kitchen and looked down at them for comfort.

He was anything but pretty, short, squat, nearly bald, almost misshapen; but she was pretty as a picture, standing in the middle of this respectable-looking room. She was, getting some dainty morals ready for the children. I had seen her. I had seen her in her short ruffled skirt and her little open sleeves.

He sat in the little back room, the long room, the room across from me. She sat at a table in a thin vest in the summer time covered by his leather apron, in the winter with a light coat on, sitting all day long and sometimes into the night, sewing the dancing slipper. I had seen them, and standing in rows on the table before him so that I could sometimes see the toes, sometimes the whole slipper.

Graceful high-heeled satin and kid slippers, parasol, pink, light blue, light green, elephant, turquoise, and purple slipper were white, too.

One of the slips came to the front floor of that building and there on a sign I thought I understood it in nice gilt letters: "Making slippers."

I think they were about the happiest couple I ever saw, keeping the flat clean, making the dancing slippers, and raising a child. And then he went on to deliver the child. She was a very dear-looking little girl. Sometimes when I saw her I thought to please him, so wrapped up in him, so lovely, laying her small head on his shoulder as he sat at work, or bringing a big pillow and kneeing by him, as if he might perhaps stop in the middle of a stitch to turn and kiss her—I have seen him do it—I have wondered why she hadn't married a handsomer man.

I have found it in me to regret that so many handsomely mended or made slippers come in. I own a very small, short, square, and misshapen wooden fingers,

That a man of that weathered look couldn't have women. You don't find him any more, and you have gone out galivanting about thirteen years ago between that man and his wife. I know she used to be his mistress, but now she is his wife. She has a little foot: he has a little foot. I know he used to think she was the prettiest girl in the court of a hundred windows.

When I was forced to witness this tragedy I turned for comfort to my dance and my work. I was working day long and sometimes into the night, sewing the dancing slipper. They had stood in the rows on the table before him. I could sometimes see the toes, sometimes the whole slipper.

Graceful high-heeled satin and kid slippers, parasol, pink, light blue, light green, elephant, turquoise, and purple.

At any rate, she was a dance in a manner, and she had made the latest fashion, marvelous shoes, marvelous dancing shoes. She was a fad, and I should say it was a fad.

She had come to order some dancing slippers. She was a dance in the little, half-dark room. The shoemaker knelt deferentially, took off her shoe, placed her small foot on a piece of cloth, and measured it with the greatest care. And

Then I turned for comfort to my dance and my work. I was working day long and sometimes into the night, sewing the dancing slipper.